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THE BYSTANDER
September 18, 1940.

The BYSTANDER

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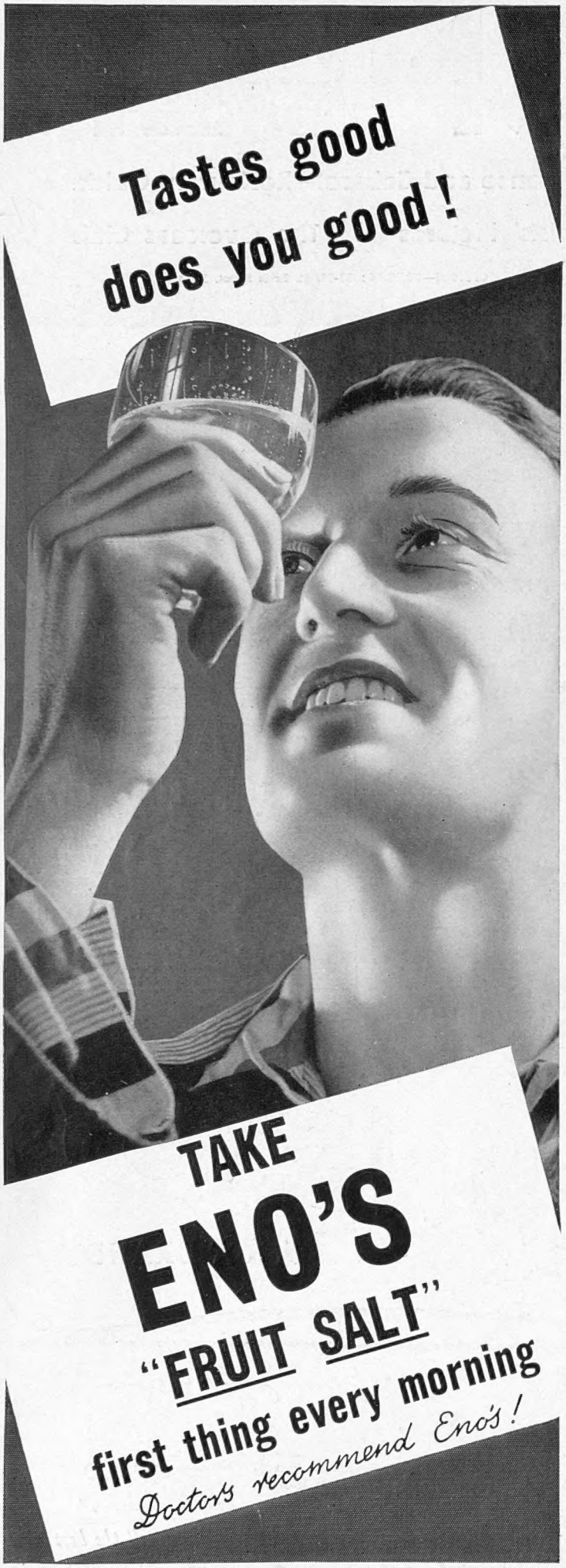

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There is talk of famine in Europe. Where Hitler rides—famine cannot be far behind.

But Hitler does not ride here.

The Harvest is being gathered here — and in the wide wheatfields of the Empire behind us.

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Money is the means of winning this war. It pays for convoys, Spitfires, mine-sweepers, sustenance, safety.

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The Bystander

"Stand Together and Hold Firm"

A few hours before the Prime Minister made his world broadcast speech last Wednesday, he went to luncheon with the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace. There, host and hostess showed their guest the damage done to their home by a Nazi bomb. Like all the men and women in London who have faced the same sight, the King and Queen looked at the wreckage of their possessions with sorrow, but also in Mr. Churchill's words, "with composure and fortitude." He himself, according to one Press correspondent, "surveyed the melancholy scene with feelings both of regret and fierce resentment," and went away to put fresh heart into all his British listeners with the equally fierce determination and tough courage of his speech. (More pictures of the King and Queen in bombed London are on the next two pages)

Our Homes — and Their Home

The King and Queen Visited Devastated Areas in London—and Then Buckingham Palace was Bombed

On Monday the King Went to East London

While fires still smouldered and the inhabitants of the newly-devastated areas in East and South-East London were still stunned and bewildered by the havoc made overnight of their homes and sometimes of their family lives, the King arrived to see for himself what was happening to his people. With him went Captain Euan Wallace, Commissioner for the London Region, and in each borough the Mayor and other local officials escorted their royal visitor between rubble-heaps and bomb-craters, from docks to factories, from shelters to wrecked flats and houses

On Wednesday the Queen Went Too

Two days later the Queen went with the King to other bombed areas in the South-Eastern suburbs. During their tour an alarm sounded, and their Majesties went to a police-station shelter, where a black cat wandered out as they went in (see below). Inside, canteen workers were making tea, and though the all-clear went before the kettle boiled, the King and Queen waited till the steaming mugs were ready. On this tour Sir John Anderson, Home Secretary and Minister of Home Security, was chief escort

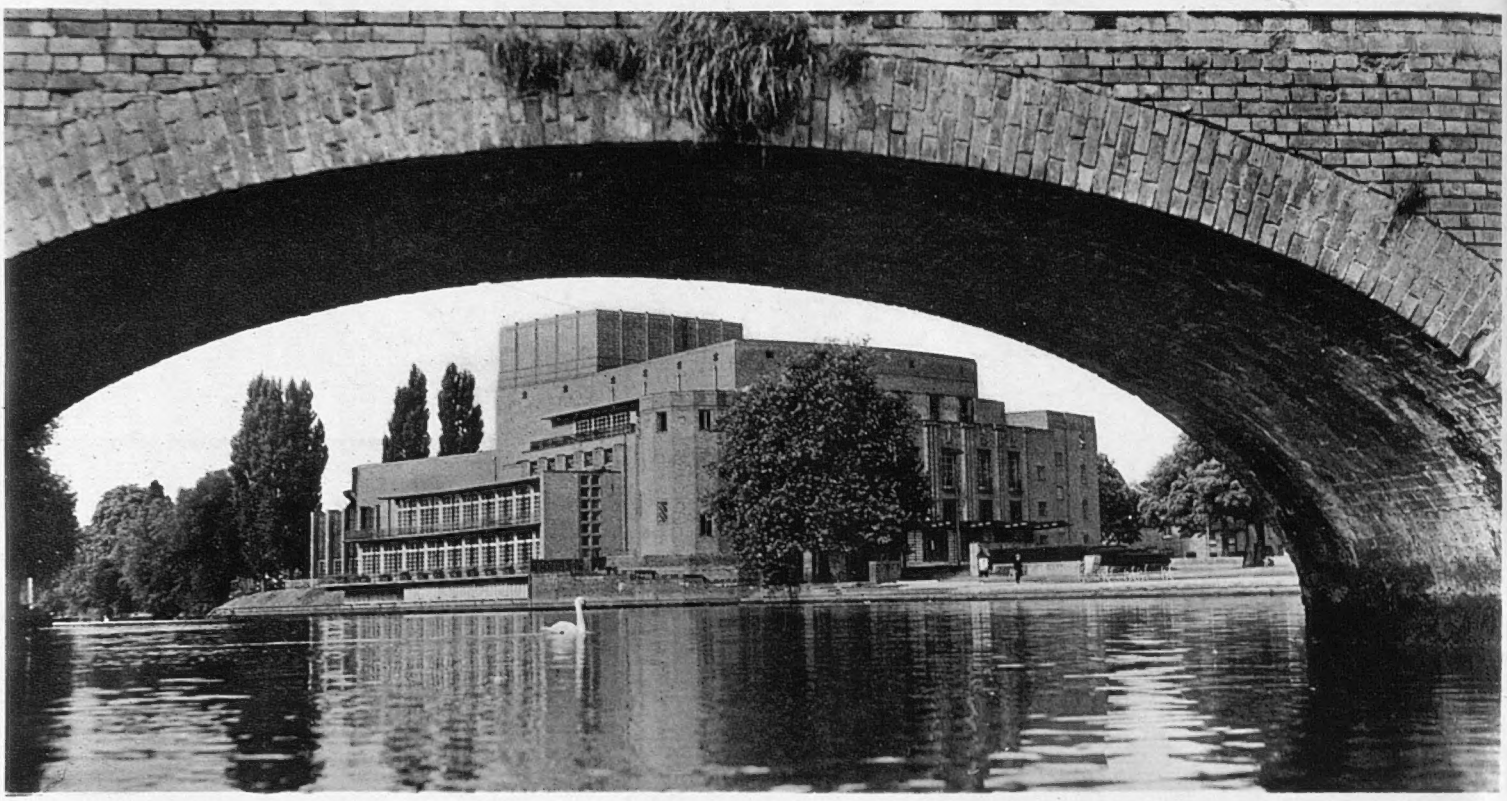
The King Talked to Many Homeless Housewives

The Shelter Cat Greeted the Queen

On Tuesday a Delayed-action Bomb Exploded at Buckingham Palace

Nazi bombs are no respecters of rank, age, sex, make no distinction between soldiers and civilians, strong men and children, king's palace or workman's home. Nothing more vividly symbolises the unity in trial of all the people of this country than these pictures of the King and Queen visiting other people's wrecked homes while many of their own possessions lay under strewn bricks and dust. Every pane of glass in the north front of Buckingham Palace was shattered when the delayed-action high-explosive bomb that fell there on Sunday night burst on Tuesday morning. The King and Queen's own apartments were all damaged, so was the Princesses' swimming-pool, and huge pieces of masonry were hurled about like pebbles. But the King and Queen were not in residence and all the staff were safely in shelters, and the chief result of this Nazi atrocity was an immense wave of sympathy and deep affection towards the King and Queen from all the peoples of the Empire

Next Day the King and Queen Walked Round Their Own Bomb-crater



A symbol *of English culture stands in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. Popularly subscribed and built with substantial American donations, the theatre is impressively situated on the banks of the Avon, and is one of the best equipped in the country*

Shakespeare at Home

Stratford-upon-Avon Ends Its First War Season

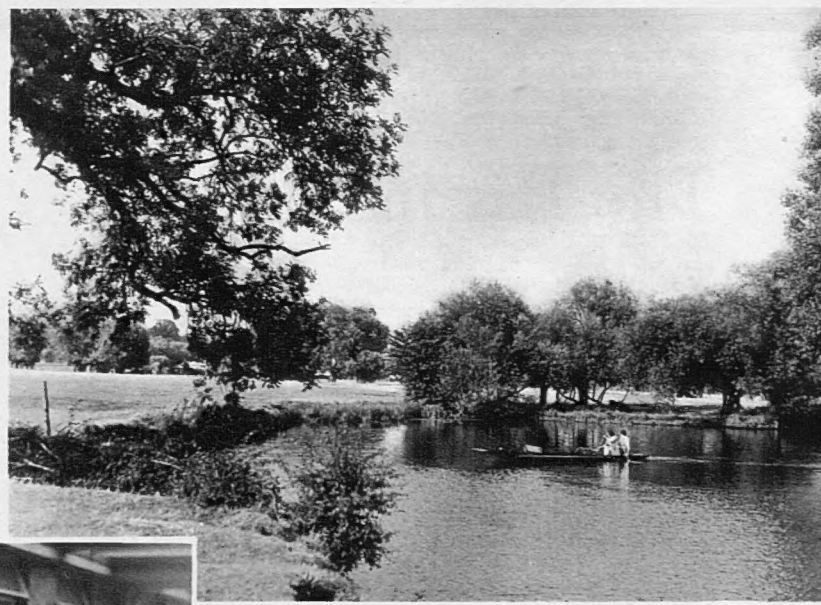
Merry wives *in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" are Thea Holme and Clare Harris, who make use of the ten minutes before they go on to knit socks for the foot-comfort of some fortunate members of the Services*

During air raids *the performance goes on and afterwards an impromptu entertainment is given by audience and players alike. The inevitable pot of tea makes its appearance in the dressing-room, a more effective distraction from the humming 'plane overhead than the strummed piano evidently was to the studious, bearded reader*

***Courting couples** still make a Mecca of Anne Hathaway's cottage, where Shakespeare wooed and won his bride. Many uniforms now pass through this sixteenth-century reminder of a great past*

***The tread** of martial boots sounds near Anne Hathaway's cottage as Stratford's sons answer the call to defend their country and all that it represents. Many soldiers come to render touristic homage in their off-duty periods*

Before the war it seemed that American enthusiasts were the mainstay of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, since some 20,000 of them have visited Stratford every year since the new theatre opened eight years ago. The management must have made their 1940 plans with certain qualms. But their courage has been justified. Since Shakespeare's birthday, April 23rd, when the season opened, a new kind of audience has collected itself to see *Hamlet*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, played in the peaceful country town. Workers from the industrial Midlands with a few days' breathing-space, soldiers and sailors and airmen on leave, week-enders from London, and honeymoon couples by the dozen have gone to Stratford for the theatre, sight-seeing, and river expeditions. Nine Shakespeare plays and Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer* made up the repertoire, and the company was collected and directed by B. Iden Payne, who has been Director of the Theatre since 1935. He and the rest of the management have been satisfied enough with the result of their first war venture to have already plunged deep into plans for a second. Whatever happens to theatres in London in the coming months, there is a good chance of being able to see Shakespeare played in the majestic building by the swan-reflecting Avon during the summer evenings of 1941



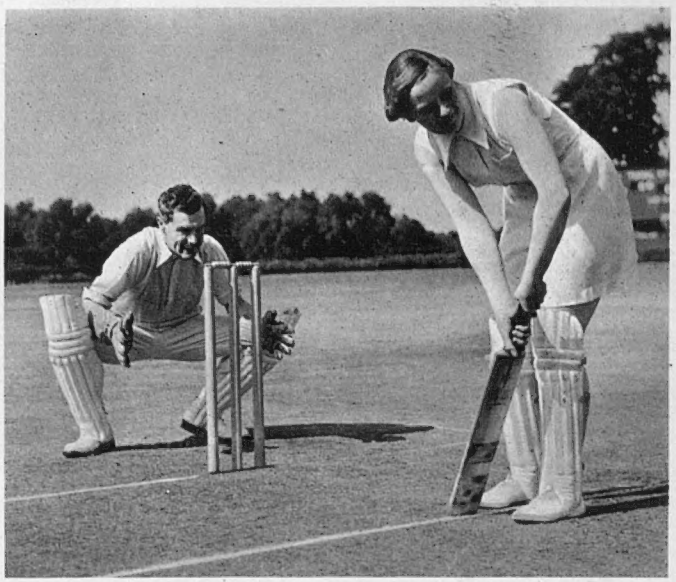
***On the peaceful Avon** in boats, punts and canoes, half the audience spends its time between performances and sight-seeing. Stratford has been given a big share of holiday-time by those who have escaped briefly from "going to it"*

***The lure** of Shakespeare is still strong enough to draw a considerable audience of many types during the Shakespeare Festival. The large number of American visitors have been replaced by uniformed members of the various Services and working folk from nearby communities*

***Tea-shops** in Stratford are myriad, famous and well-placarded. Miss Barnard, Tiny Tea Cottage, announces her determination that the kettle will still be on the hob for overseas visitors when they have a chance to come back*

Arrival: American Surgeons and Staff in London

Headed by the famous chief surgeon of New York's hospital for the crippled and ruptured, Dr. Philip Wilson, Professor of Orthopædic Surgery in Columbia University, seven prominent American surgeons with three nurses and two secretaries and sufficient medical equipment and supplies for three months are now in this country after volunteering their services in aid of Britain. The party, financed by the Allied Relief Fund, have £50,000 for the coming year's work. Reinforcements for the group will be sent if there is a great increase in casualties. Women members of the unit are Miss Mildred Lewis, Miss Miriam Knight, Mrs. Donald Dial, Mrs. John Converse, and Miss Adelbert Overman



Opponents: A.T.S. v. Officers at Cricket

One of the last matches of the golden September summer was between a team of women cricketers of the A.T.S. and the Headquarters Officers' side at Aldershot. Batting for the A.T.S. here is Miss Daphne Bird, while Brigadier John Shann Wilkinson keeps the wicket. Brigadier Wilkinson has come back from retirement to give once more his services to the Crown. The A.T.S. team was headed by Miss Maclaglan, vice-captain of the All England Women's Team, and the Officers were captained by Major X. B. Stanley

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THERE are quite a number of things which arise out of the bomb attack upon London, and there is quite a lot of hot air being talked about it also. One famous journalist actually broadcast to America the other day the statement that " the Londoner is taking everything that the Germans send him and is asking for more." That is such palpable rubbish that obviously the Americans must smell a rat when they read it. The Londoner is not asking for more. The Londoner is like any other human being all over the world. He is greatly frightened as the bombs fall round him. But the whole point is that the moment the bombs stop falling he goes back to his job, and he is ready to smile and make a joke until the next bomb arrives.

ANOTHER point which arises is the incredible heroism of the Civil Defence workers, who go out night after night to put out fires, to rescue wounded, to clear the streets, amid the roar of aeroplanes, the banging of anti-aircraft guns, the thunder of bombs, and, very often, the horrible crackling of great conflagrations. These men and women are all volunteers and almost all of them are unpaid.

THEN there is the astonishing patience of the workers who have to go a long way to their work in the morning and back again in the evening. They have probably spent the entire night in a flimsy shelter, snatching a quarter-of-an-hour sleep whenever they can. They probably find that the transport service on which they rely in the ordinary way has broken down, or been dislocated. It may take them three hours to get to work, and they may have to spend another three hours getting home. But they manage to preserve their calmness and their good humour.

MR. LIONEL HALE, who writes the " Life Goes On " column in the *News Chronicle*, brings up an interesting point. Civilians, including women, can win the Victoria Cross, but they must have been " under the orders, direction or supervision of naval, military or Air Forces of the Empire." But not a hundredth part of one per cent. of Britain's civilian heroes can qualify under this condition. The next best thing that they can expect is an O.B.E. This is the perfect de-bunking of all systems of medals in a modern war. A soldier can get a Victoria Cross, but the nurse who crawled into a burning hospital the other day with a morphia syringe can only get the O.B.E.

THAT must have been a picturesque and dramatic scene on the north coast of France last week when the majestic figure of Reich-Marshal Goering went solemnly up a tower which had been specially built for the purpose to gaze through a special telescope at the air assault on London. The Reich-Marshal was directing the attack in person, though how exactly he did it through a telescope is another matter. The adoring German commentator who described the scene said that the Reich-Marshal was " calmness personified," and that he wore " a telling smile." Later on the Marshal approached the microphone and spoke a few words to the German people in which he praised the " victorious German fliers." As the score the previous day had been 103 Germans shot down, while we lost 13 pilots, the victory is a little difficult to detect.

AFTER Hitler's wild speech to the Winter Relief Fund, the German Press at once came into line and began to take a slightly different attitude. In his speech, Hitler for the first time told his people that they might have to face a five-years' war. This was a big change from his previous attitude that he could polish the whole thing off by the middle of August. He was at once followed by the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, which warned the German people that Mr. Churchill is a stubborn and a resolute man who will fight on as long as possible.

DURING the last war, the Regular Army went quite a long way out of its way to discourage the Territorials. Now they are doing exactly the same thing again, and, oddly enough, very largely with exactly the same people. The Home Guard is mostly officered by ex-temporary officers of the last war, of whom many thousands are ex-Territorials. Up till recently, these men have paraded with their rank-badges and uniforms and wearing a belt. Their men were extremely proud of being led by ex-officers, all wearing two or three or four medal-ribbons. Now all rank badges have been taken away from these veteran soldiers, and the most senior of them is under the orders of the most junior Army subaltern. And, incidentally, quite a few of these new Army subalterns started their military career as conscripts.

CONTINUING the subject of the Home Guard, the War Office, and the Regular Army may find themselves up against a very considerable difficulty as soon as the immediate threat of invasion recedes. At the moment, the Home Guard is putting up with a good deal of insulting stupidity because it is patriotic enough to think that the safety of the country ought to come first. As soon as the immediate threat fades, there may be a hullabaloo that will surprise the authorities. At the beginning of the war, the Civil Service as good as told the country that they could run the war and that they wanted no outside nonsense. It looks as if the War Office is now trying the same arrogance. We are all of us in this war. Surely even the War Office might realise that by now.

SIR ROBERT KINDERSLEY is running the campaign for National War Bonds. He has issued a statement to the effect that he is greatly disappointed at the attitude of a group of Middlesbrough bankers and stockbrokers, who have selected this precise moment in the history of our country to announce that they do not think that 2½ per cent. interest is a sufficiently attractive investment. The National Savings Committee ought to be sufficiently broadminded to appreciate the fact that everyone is entitled to their opinion. These men have expressed their opinion. We ought to be allowed to know their names. Some men and women may find it to be their duty to go out, voluntarily and without pay, into an inferno of flame and explosion to rescue lives. Other people may find it their duty to go up in fighter aeroplanes day after day and night after night to defend our people from the Hun. But these Middlesbrough gentlemen find it their duty to get an attractive investment for their money, and we want to know their names.

FOR years I have been battling away on what I used to call the Vandal Front against all the thugs and financial barbarians and vested interests who have torn down beautiful things in England in order to add 3s. 9d. to their annual profits. Now the vandals have been joined by the Huns, who work faster and more noisily. But the Huns have this in their favour. They destroy any building with enthusiasm. Our own vandals only destroy beautiful buildings.

BUT even while the Huns are so active the vandals are still quietly doing their bit. Half a thousand years ago the monks of King's Lynn built a brick oven to provide bread for the poor. Now the oven has been sold to the King's Lynn Corporation, and it will be pulled down—if the Huns don't get at it first—to allow the City Fathers of King's Lynn to make a street a little bit wider.

IT almost looks over here as if Mr. Wendell Willkie's rocket went too high and too fast and too soon. Far be it from me to say anything which might be interpreted as an attempt to butt into American domestic politics, but it does look as if President Roosevelt has got one powerful advantage. While Mr. Willkie is saying that he is strongly in favour of helping Britain, it is President Roosevelt who actually sends the fifty destroyers. And there are a great many people on both sides of the Atlantic who feel with a certain amount of justification that although kind words are very nice, handfuls of destroyers are nicer still. It is true that most newspapers support Mr. Willkie, but most newspapers also supported Mr. Hoover and Governor Landon, and I believe those two gentlemen only carried a dozen States between them in 1932 and 1936 out of a possible 96.

THAT pugnacious and original and undauntable fighter, Mr. Clough Williams Ellis, has issued a manifesto on the subject of iron railings. He expresses the hope that the war will put an end for ever to the extraordinary British habit of railing themselves in, or railing their neighbours out. In America, he points out, and on the Continent, and even in the Balkans, good manners protect people's gardens and fruit-trees, whereas we have to protect ourselves with iron. And not only with iron, but with spiked iron. No true Britisher would put spikes round a dog-kennel, but the Britisher does seem to mind very much if it is only children who get caught on the top of spiked railings. "Let us do away with an era," cries Mr. Williams Ellis, "in which the Englishman's home is his cage."

Wedding: Mr. Noble and Miss Pearson

Michael Anthony Cristobal Noble is the youngest son of the late Sir John Noble, Bt., of Arkinglas, and Lady Noble, of 43, Portland Place, W.1, and brother of the present baronet, who succeeded in 1938. Anne Pearson is the seventeen-year-old daughter of Sir Neville Pearson, Bt., by his first wife, and granddaughter of Violet Lady Melchett. They were married last week at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Christening: the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough's Son

Lord Charles George William Colin Spencer-Churchill, second son of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, was christened at Woodstock Church, and has the Duke of Kent as godfather. He was born at the Dorchester in mid-July. In the group here are the baby's brother and sisters, the Marquess of Blandford and Lady Caroline and Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill, Lieut.-Com. Colin Buist, godfather, the Duchess of Marlborough, Mrs. Winston Churchill, godmother, the Duke of Marlborough, and the Rev. Harold Pickles, who officiated

Haven: Crown Princess and Children Safe in New York

After the German invasion of Norway Crown Princess Martha made her way with her three children to Petsamo, where they were taken aboard the U.S. transport, American Legion, which collected hundreds of Americans stranded in Scandinavia. Germany threatened "we cannot be responsible for the safety of the American Legion," but the ship made a safe arrival in New York. Then the Princess and her family went to stay with the President. With their mother are Princess Ragnhild, aged ten, Princess Astrid, aged eight, and Prince Harald, aged three. Their father, Crown Prince Olaf, is here in Britain with King Haakon and the Norwegian Government

Zorina Was an Adventuress

A ballet for a charity gala—incident in a story about gentlemen crooks and their wealthy young gentleman victim—is all that makes *I Was an Adventuress* different from any other Hollywood crook comedy. That is, for those who still think of Vera Zorina as a dancer and not just a film actress. The ballet and the rehearsal sequences were arranged, as all Zorina's film dancing has been, by her husband, Georges Balanchine. Richard Greene plays the rich young man whom Zorina first entices into her crook partners' clutches and then marries; Erich von Stroheim and Peter Lorre in their most sinister vein are the pair of tricksters who have no intention of letting their lovely decoy turn into an honest wife. Gregory Ratoff directed; he is to direct another dancing film soon—the long-planned *Ballerina*, from Lady Eleanor Smith's novel, in the name-part of which Loretta Young has now been chosen in place of Baronova. *I Was an Adventuress* went to the Odeon on Monday

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

"Top of the World" (Palladium)

HAVING pleonastically described this show on the programme as an "Extravagant Extravaganza," the management at the Palladium can hardly object if it is accorded a Critical Criticism. True, there is some Brilliantly Brilliant fooling by the Crazy-Gang Crazy Gang at the start. But Most of Most of the Rest of the Remainder is either rather Boringly Boring or Vulgarly Vulgar, and sometimes, it must be stated, is Both the Two.

Credit should be given for an attempt to do something a bit different. The Crazy Gang are this time the heroes of a story in the course of which they visit Utopia. Starting deliciously in the Air Force, they ride the skies hilariously on a Blimp let loose, all of which is excellent fun. But once they have reached the Top of the World and have invested themselves in magic raiment, after the fashion of the Crazy Gang in *The Tempest*, there is too much smacking of lips over the easy game provided by the girls. Teaching innocents in the empyrean how to kiss, with strong implications of deeper joys, isn't very new or funny. And the lecture on feminine anatomy, demonstrated by means of a lay figure with electric lights suggestively manipulated inside, left at least one member of the audience game to face a bomb or two with alacrity and relief.

ONE is reminded during this show of a musical version of *Erewhon* with the wit extracted and dirt inserted as a more popular substitute. In addition to this, there are long stretches of Palladium beauty, during which the Queen of the Moon and her uninteresting minions sing more than is either necessary or advisable. At the conclusion of it all, the Crazy Gang announce that they have no desire ever to return to earth, and who shall blame them? But we are left with a fervent hope that their wish will not be gratified in the next production. For Paradise is not their native habitat. They thrive in places where things go wrong, rather than in places where things go right. They are of the earth earthy, and the sooner they return the more welcome they will be.

THE second half of *Top of the World* certainly picks up for a moment when Miss Pat Kirkwood sings a thoroughly metropolitan song in a flash-back to London. How much better this than the harpists and acrobatic nudes who load the wings of fantasy so heavily that flight is impossible! Some of the best comedy is, as usual, contributed by Mr. Teddy Knox, whose material, again as usual, does not begin to do him justice. Mr. Tommy Trinder lets off expert patter at the mike in the modern manner of mechanised humour. There is nothing mechanised about Mr. Bud Flanagan, whose all-embracing kindliness makes him not only one of our most lovable comics, but one of our finest popular sentimentalists as well. One touch of Flanagan makes the whole world kin. His big simplicity is at once individual and universal.

Sketches by Sallon

Sally puts the curry in the curriculum (Pat Kirkwood)

Musical terms: 'Dim your window" 'Diminuendo' 'Oi!" (Flanagan and Allen)

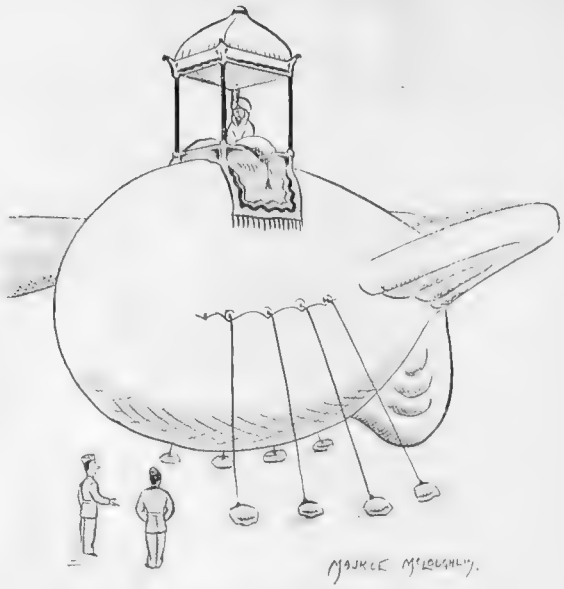
Anatomy lecture (Nervo and Knox)

The Queen of the Moon (Helen Breen) falls for his chin (Tommy Trinder)

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"He says it helps his bad attacks of homesickness"

"If Hitler had only indulged a little in the fine sport of fox-hunting, Europe would not have been in the condition it is to-day," remarked Mr. Ronald Tree, M.P. for the Harborough Division, recently, to our intense delight. It seems a long time since England heard a West Country mayor speak out loud and bold at a cricket dinner, crying that if the Spaniards had only learned to play cricket they would never be shedding each other's blood in the Civil War, then raging. The cutting, framed in gold, hangs over our desk as we write. It had seemed to us to sum up the best modern Island Thought in a nutshell till Mr. Tree came along with a cry even greater. Or is it greater? To anyone who knows Spain at all, the Mayor's remark must rank as one of the Master-Sayings of the World—with Augustine's "Securus judicat orbis terrarum," and Danton's "Toujours l'audace," and Wellington's "Publish and be damned." This view is shared by one or two judicious Spaniards to whom we have repeated it. We doubt now, after some brooding, if Mr. Tree's remark about Hitler, splendid as it is, touches the same mystical heights and depths, though foxhunting, being a game for men ("the image of war," etc., as Mr. Jorrocks said), and also for leathery women more terrible than men, may certainly be said to require and develop certain rough virtues, accompanied by appalling language suitable to heroes. It also makes hard men and women to hounds love one another dearly in their mottled way, and sacrifice themselves eagerly for the good of others, as when questions of precedence arise at a crowded gap during a brisk burst, or some English Rose accused of heading the fox is bawled out for a (something) bitch by some passionate but kindly and instantly penitent Master—for whom, incidentally, the average Hunt would gladly die, and often does. One must concede, therefore, that Hitler might have picked up a nobler outlook on Life by hunting regularly with the Quorn or the Belvoir, or even the Cottesmore, and his cheery "Mornin'! Mornin'!" might even now be ringing out daily over a smiling and affectionate Europe. Or such we take to be Mr. Tree's point, and God knows we can take practically anything these days.

But as for that magical, magistral, mayoral dictum about the Spaniards, our chief regret is that it came just a hundred years too late to inspire the macabre humour of Goya; Spain at the wicket, the witches circling in M.C.C. blazers, the demons and succubi in silly schoolboy Test caps on the popping-crease, great sinister shadows overhanging all, and a few dead bodies sprawling. Drawn from life, as one might say.

Enigma

The case of an old soldier and ex-sergeant who has developed a conscientious objection to war, and wants to leave the Army, is puzzling the military authorities, and we're not surprised. Civilians developing consciences of this kind are, of course, the sacred cows of the Island Race, to be treated with anxious respect and given safe jobs at £5 a week, however cretinous their arguments turn out to be. A soldier doing the same thing is a new problem, one obvious solution of which, it occurs to us, would be to amend King's Regulations forthwith in a big way. By this means a soldier feeling a distaste for war in the middle of an attack, say, would place his rifle quietly on the ground and pace softly back to battalion headquarters, where the Adjutant would give him a nice cup of tea, his discharge-papers, his railway ticket and an affectionate farewell embrace. The present procedure in such a case, if it ever crops up, is presumably to take the conscience-stricken one gently apart and have him shot through the noggin by a firing-squad, a very brutal and undemocratic procedure indeed. We have progressed lately in so many directions, including sideways, that it's high time the Liberal Party did something about it, in our unfortunate view.

"I want this horse soled and heeled, please"

But seriously, as the actress said to the stockbroker, what is the War Office to do if such cases should multiply, God forbid? Supposing the entire Household Brigade woke up one morning with a fervent conscientious objection to war? A truly Gilbertian situation, our fathers and grandfathers would have said, shaking their convex paunches with delight. But anything can happen in Cloud Cuckoo Land, as is well known, and short of advocating undemocratic brutality as above, we couldn't for the life of us think of a solution to that one, except that the Government might immediately sue the objectors for breach of contract (Court XLVI., Mr. Justice Cheese, Rex v. Household Brigade) and give the lawyers a tumble, at least.

Flashback

The faintest aroma, the merest soupçon of the ghost of a flavour of Antony Hope romance was exhaled by those newspaper reports of the Iron Guard rushing the brightly-lit windows of the Royal Palace at Bucharest the other night and trying to assassinate King Carol. A flashback to Ruritania, it seemed, until you remembered that the Iron Guard look like any other steel-helmeted soldiery in the world, and there probably wasn't a pair of elegant patent-leather jackboots, a flashing sabre, a tossing plume or a flying crimson cloak among the lot. Thy hand, great Anarch, as Pope might have said, lets the curtain fall, and universal drabness buries all. In the last war Ruritania didn't do so badly. The white tunics of the Servian (altered by the *Times* to "Serbian") officers, for example, were a direct link with *Rupert of Hentzau* and *Arms and the Man*, and smart Greek officers were seen in some very natty models in green, with cherry-tinted velvet tabs and epaulettes. A few years before that the assassination of King Alexander (or was it Milan?) and Queen Draga by a junta of Servian officers had been completely a Ruritanian production, from the marble and the plush hangings of the Royal bedchamber down to the perfume used by the gaily-uniformed conspirators. And round about the year 1917, if we remember rightly, certain Bulgar subalterns, bonny fighters all, were said to be

(Concluded on page 364)

Old Bill and Co. : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"No, you were wrong, Bill! That wasn't another warnin' you 'eard"

Standing By . . .

(Continued from page 362)

lending the war a musical-comedy touch, not so much in the matter of decor as in their cracking an occasional bottle of champagne supplied by the officers of certain Greek posts facing them up in the mountains and sworn to repel them or die. We submit that this is the essential Ruritania, like the village storks, starlight or sunshine on those dazzling snowy peaks, the thyme-scented plains, the goatherds in their hairy cloaks (and often, alas! battered gent's boaters, or even ignoble bowler hats), the dirty but occasionally eyeworthy pans of the native maidens, and the rich stench of the hovels and the mud of that Arcadia.

Whether the Balkans themselves are entirely sorry to see the Mauve Hussars doff their finery for confections of grey-green or khaki we doubt, in a way. Women (for example) fall for the drab soldiery of 1940 less readily than they did for the gayer heroes of, say, 1900, and this must obviate a lot of fuss and bother, not to speak of a large number of unions of hand and heart, mostly unsuitable.

Drama

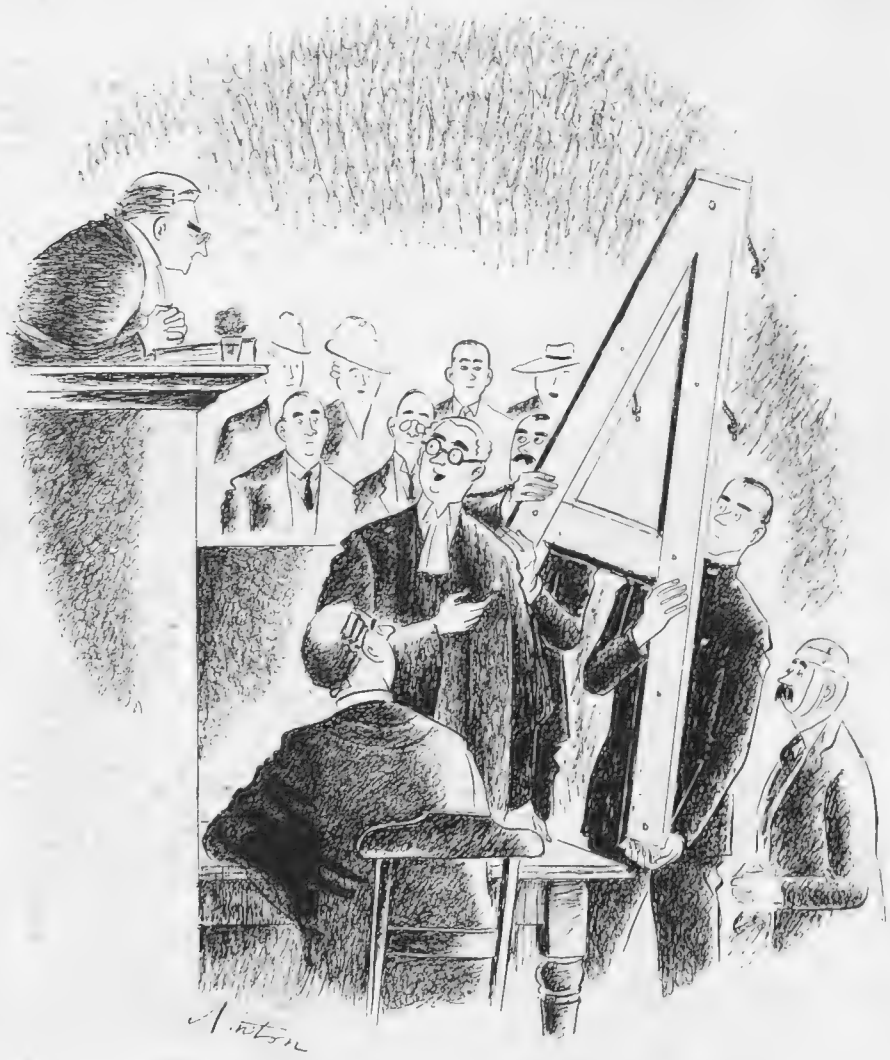
A PAIR of wagtails which have adopted and fed two cuckoos in succession this year excited one of Auntie *Times's* Nature Ramblers so much the other day ("imagine our astonishment . . .") that he wrote post-haste to Auntie about it and made the leader-page. Our feeling about these raw little Nature dramas is that they are not so astonishing if you dive a trifle deeper into circumstance and motive. May there not be wagtails, for example, who run nursing-homes for cuckoos and make quite a thing of it, like some others in the racket? Or possibly wagtails are in the habit of getting drunk, like bees, and assuming it's the same cuckoo, or cuckoos, as before? Or it may be, even, the old, old story, the first cuckoo having betrayed the hospitality of a quiet wagtail home and the female wagtail going round with a shameful secret, though retaining all her looks, song, charm and poise? Does the wagtail husband know? Does his glance, as in the old county families, rest enigmatically on her and the stranger a moment at breakfast before he looks away and makes some dullish remark about the crops, or the worms, or the weather? These are the points, among others, a true Nature Rambler would submit to Auntie *Times*, and he would of course get no answer from that aged prude. Even a follow-up letter about the inhibitions of a drunk bee would probably be ignored, though everybody knows bees drink themselves cockeyed and paralytic on lime-blossom, and that this makes them terribly self-conscious in a blurry way when the Queen Bee appears, bright, fresh, humming a light tune, and ready to zoom aloft for the nuptial flight. (Compare the wedding-night of George the Fourth.) A man in a touring flea-circus in America once told us the poignant story, a sort of *Pagliacci* in insect-life, of one of his leading-ladies who had hopped off with a handsome young flea in small-town society, leaving her disconsolate mate to perform the high jump and fire cannon and pull waggons and so forth twice nightly with a breaking heart. But the old trouper was game, and the show went on. *Vesti la giubba* is the cry in the flea world as well, apparently. Can you see Auntie giving a real tragic slice of life like this any space on her leader or any other page? You can't. It is too vulgar; none of Auntie's little readers cares to know about the sex-life of fleas, their joys and sufferings, their hopes and defeats. Well, they miss a lot.

Shock

THE railings of Berkeley Square being noble and Georgian, and the railings of Leicester Square and a score more being Victorian and hideous, it is only reasonable that the Ministry of Supply should back up the Westminster Council's reported resolve to scrap the former for munitions and preserve the latter, and we can't understand why those six members of the Chelsea Arts Club who raised a howl about it in the papers recently should get so worked up. Artists notoriously live in a dream-world, innocent of practical affairs, and it is rather pathetic to see the boys emerging blinkingly into daylight, at intervals, fresh from painting three apples on a plate or a bosomy pink nude, to yell their imprecations at the honest Yahoo as he lumbers soberly up and down, treading down grace and beauty under his enormous hoof and surprised to be so addressed. The Chelsea Arts Club—unlike the Arts Club, where the ramage de la ville occasionally penetrates and many members are sadly aware of the facts of Life—always reminds us to some extent of Mount Athos, except that the members, who are nearly all charming, practise no penitential exercises, so far as we know, and are not noticeably vowed to celibacy; a very green, delightful oasis indeed, a pool of quiet and a great refuge from the world.

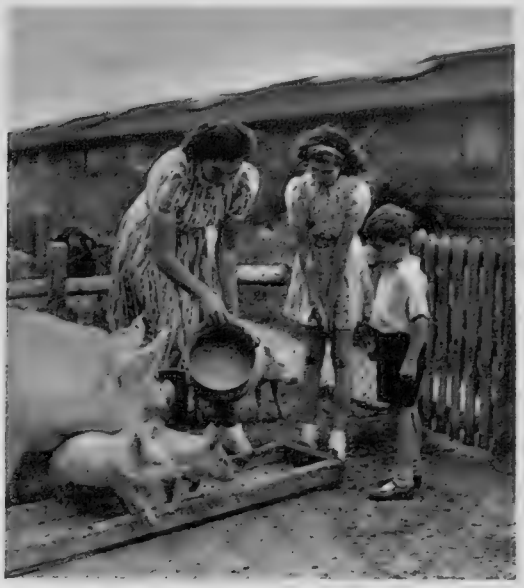
Last time an artist chap took us there the Yahoo happened to be busily pulling down Adelphi Terrace, the only nobly planned architectural feature in London, and we found the Club distracted. As a matter of fact, this chap whispered to us, they had just got news of Lord Elgin's pinching the Parthenon marbles, and their gentle, dreamy, finely-cut faces were distorted with pain and fury at this philistine act. The fact that whispers of the Ministry of Supply's brutal decision should have reached them so quickly indicates, to us, that contact with the great evil world outside has been established quite recently by some violent or abnormal means. Maybe a dying member of the Arts Club staggered in one night and just lived to breathe the story, or maybe one of their models was lately chucked under the chin in the King's Road by a gallant fresh from town who had seen the mob cheering before the Ministry's windows. However the Chelsea boys heard of it, it has obviously staggered them profoundly. Are there no little birds or even Whistlerian butterflies to reveal to these bewildered ones that this is a noisome age in many ways, and that, next to Hitler, there's nothing the Island Race dislikes so much as art?

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"With your permission, m'Lud, I will henceforth refer to the object that fell on my client as exhibit 'A'"

***Tracardie** is a lovely timbered farmhouse, built in 1575, at Henfield, in Sussex. Its lattice windows look out over the yew hedges and flower-beds of a garden to which Mrs. Montagu has given much of her time during the two years she has lived there. On the mellow tiles of the roof white doves strut and coo, knee-deep in moss*



***Breeding** pedigree livestock is one of Mrs. Montagu's chief interests at Tracardie. She is cross-breeding two famous pig strains — Saddlebacks and Large Whites—with very successful results. Her poultry are also bred and fed on highly scientific lines*

Down on a Sixteenth Century Sussex Farm

The Hon. Mrs. Drogo Montagu and Her Children at Tracardie

Lord Beaverbrook's only daughter has been living for the past two years down in Sussex, busying herself with her two children, her garden and, particularly since the war, with her scientifically-run farm. Not long ago she organised a big party and fete in the beautiful garden at Tracardie, in aid of her father's "Spitfire" and "Hurricane" drive, and was able to send in to him a handsome cheque, made still more handsome by a £5000 donation from a neighbour, Mr. J. A. Dewar

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

***Children** of the Hon. Mrs. Drogo Montagu are Jeanne Louise Campbell, aged twelve, her daughter by her first husband, Ian Campbell, whom she divorced in 1934, and William Sturges Montagu, born in 1936. He is Lord Beaverbrook's first grandson, and is strikingly like his dynamic grandfather. His father, Flying Officer the Hon. Drogo Montagu, younger son of the Earl of Sandwich, was killed in a flying accident last January*

The Withdrawal from Dunkerque: by Richard Eurich

The Withdrawal from

Men and Ships

Seven Pictures from the Exhibition of War Artists' Work at the National Gallery

Critics have emphasised the peaceful, orderly of the Second Great War. This paradox is and drawings, made during the preliminary static background and not its battlegrounds. With the phase began. Three artists have taken this epic Cundall, Richard Eurich, and their pictures, German 'planes, are alone in giving an impression of the National Gallery exhibition's atmosphere and colouring of John Nash and Eric Ravilious, Admiralty. Both of these two are incidentally Marines, in which the Admiralty's only salaried Major. Next week we hope to reproduce examples of

Destroyer in Dry Dock: by John Nash, A.R.A.

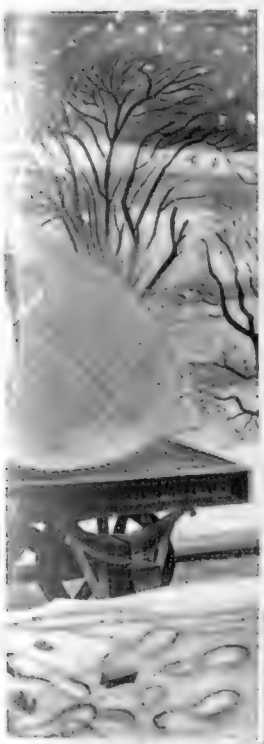
Ship's Screw on Truck: by Eric

Dunkirk: by Charles Cundall

The Return from Dunkirk: by Major Sir Muirhead Bone

nature of the first pictures by the official artists explained by the fact that most of these paintings phase of the struggle, deal necessarily with war's withdrawal from Dunkirk a second and more heroic as their subject, Sir Muirhead Bone, Charles with the exception of Paul Nash's studies of crashed of the danger and destruction of war. More typical as a whole is the calm, ordered strength of design both of whom work on commission for the Temporary Hon. Captains in the Royal artist, Sir Muirhead Bone, is a Temporary Hon. The work of artists dealing with airmen and aeroplanes

Norway, 1940: by Eric Ravilious



Ravilious

Leaving Scapa Flow: by Eric Ravilious

A symphony of grace is executed by Gabrielle Brune, The camera captures the fluid ease of motion which this talented young actress so g of marcelle piqué and was created by Mathilde Etches, who does many of the costumes for the Vic-Wells Ballet. In these times of bl reinforcement to the maintenance of public spirit on the Home Front. An enthusiastic cyclist, Gabrielle utilises her "bike" to f

Movement a

Studies of Ga

Following her success in last year's Gate Revue, of her dancing first brought her to the notice of Australian musical-comedy-star Adrienne Brune, h further laurels upon an already garlanded family n made noticeable strides since the beginning of the flair, she has delighted the frequenters of Londo

Considerably in demand, Gabrielle appears in many places of entertainment. Recently she took over Pat Kirkwood's place in "Black Velvet," at the Hippodrome, where she is now appearing with Vic Oliver. A thorough altruist, Gabrielle also dispenses the delights of her charm to the patrons of the May Fair, where she is the stellar attraction. By public plaudit her biggest song-hit is "Baby"

...y embodies. Miss Brune's dress is made ...nd battle, Gabrielle Brune is a welcome ...antage in these days of transport troubles

Photographs by Anthony

...l Repose

...elle Brune

... simple charm of her voice and the ease ... theatre-goers, Gabrielle Brune, daughter of ... from strength to strength and has heaped ... "Gay," as she is known to her friends, has ... Singing risqué ditties with an inimitable ...ets with her vivacious and direct appeal

Chairman *of the Welcome Committee is Sir Jocelyn Lucas, M.P. He spends a considerable part of each day working in his bay-windowed office, often takes parties of Dominion and Colonial soldiers round the House of Commons. He has been M.P. for South Portsmouth since last year, is a great expert on terriers, especially Sealyhams, and pedigree dog-breeding*

Hostess *at many of the Saturday evening parties is Freda Lady Forres, a member of the Welcome Committee. She gives an immense amount of time and energy to arranging welcomes for Dominion and foreign soldiers and sailors, not only at the Club but in private homes in London and, during leave periods, all over England and Scotland*

Are You Being Served?

The "Bystander" Goes Round the Canteens and Clubs

No. 32. The Overseas Club

Any Saturday evening a stream of Dominion, Colonial, French, Dutch, Polish, Czech and, of course, British Service men can be seen turning off St. James's Street to the Overseas Club. Here they are entertained by the Welcome Committee, by means of the Club's Hospitality Fund, to tea, sherry dinner, dancing. More important still, they are introduced to dance partners, or to dinner neighbours, or to sherry-party acquaintances, so that immediately they find themselves among friends and in an atmosphere that aims to make each man feel personally at home. The Welcome Committee is headed by Sir Jocelyn Lucas, chairman, Lady Plymouth, vice-chairman, Lady Rumbold, deputy chairman, and members who act as Saturday hostesses include Lady Lucas, the chairman's wife, Freda Lady Forres, Lady Moore-Guggisberg, Lady David Douglas-Hamilton. Some eighty officers and men can also be put up for the night. The Club itself, formed by Sir Evelyn Wrench in the last war, has a huge membership, and needs every inch of the space available at Arlington House, once the home of Lord North, Premier during the American War of Independence, where it moved some years back

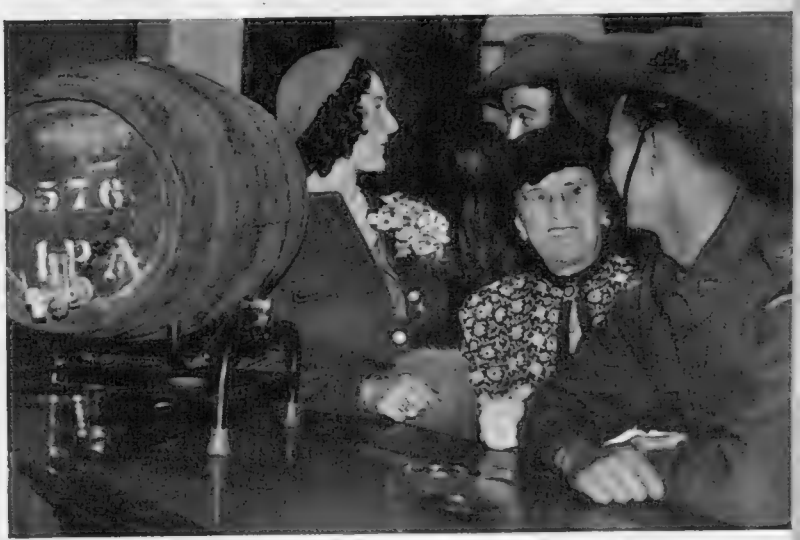
Sherry party *is given every Saturday evening by the Welcome Committee. Guests are handed a ticket on arrival and this entitles them to claim three glasses of sherry from the barman. These Saturday guests were Miss Mary Ward and two Australian officers, Captain Cooper and Lieut. Ellerby*

Monday hostess *is Mrs. Roy. She sits at her desk in the hall, answers questions, makes introductions, and sees to it that no visitor feels lost or bewildered in the swarming, cheerful rooms of the Club*

Distinguished guest *at a Saturday sherry party was Mr. Attlee, here with Mr. R. Singh, Mr. Eric Rice, the Club's secretary, Lady Plymouth, vice-chairman of the Club, and Lieutenant Verdi*

Soldiers *who go to the Saturday parties or to the dancing on other evenings are never lonely for long, and the hostesses see they have someone to talk to or dance with. Here Mrs. R. Lloyd Dalby, Mrs. Vernon Tate's daughter, drinks a mug of beer with Sapper B. J. Buckingham, from Australia*

...ace hostess *on ...rdays is Miss ... Lewis, whose ...ner on the right ...ptain S. Craven. ... Saturdays at the ...seas Club there is ...-dance, a sherry ..., a dinner, and ... more dancing. ... every other even- ... there is free danc- ... to a gramophone, ... hostess and ... ners provided*



Members *of the Welcome Committee are the Hon. Mrs. John Stourton, Sir William Waldron's daughter, and Lady Moore-Guggisberg, here with Gunners Phillips and Mitchell. Lady Moore-Guggisberg, famous on the stage as Decima Moore, ran the British Leave Club in Paris until the evacuation of France*

Development *secretary of the Tobacco Fund is Mr. Crawshaw, whose six feet five inches make it easy for him to stick new flags on the map which shows where the £79,000-worth of subscriptions have come from. With him below is Mrs. Stephenson*

...e Tobacco Fund *is an Overseas Club speciality that keeps a score of girls busy ... typewriters and files. Contributions of 1s. upwards buy cigarettes for the Forces ... the rate of £1 per 1000. With every gift is enclosed a postcard giving the donor's ...me and address so that recipients can send thanks if they want to. They generally do*

"Busman's Honeymoon"

Dorothy L. Sayers' Popular Novel Brought to the Screen

Lord Peter Wimsey comes to the screen in the shape of Robert Montgomery, who plays Dorothy Sayers' famous character with his customary charm and polish. Co-starred is Constance Cummings as Harriet Vane, his bride. Supporting them is an exceptionally strong cast which includes Leslie Banks, Sir Seymour Hicks, Frank Pettingell, Robert Newton and Louise Hampton. This film was the fourth M.-G.-M. British production and was made during the war. It is now showing at the Empire, Leicester Square

Married bliss *is shown by Lord Peter Wimsey (Robert Montgomery) and his Lady (Constance Cummings) in a scene from "Busman's Honeymoon." Directed by Arthur B. Woods, the film unrolls amidst the familiar English surroundings of manor, moor and pub*

A clean sweep *gives Frank Pettingell a good chance for character-playing. In the film there are twenty-seven speaking roles, most of which have been given to well-known and experienced stage actors and actresses, so that the standard of performance is very high*

Detective-Inspector *Kirk is played by Leslie Banks, who portrays the perfect Scotland Yard policeman. This is his third part on the executive side of the law in a long career on stage and screen*

Bunter, *Lord Peter Wimsey's invaluable butler, is none other than Sir Seymour Hicks, who establishes a precedent for himself by playing the role of manservant for the first time. Taking a roll of bills, he pays out the purchase money to Eliot Makeham for the Devonshire manor his master has bought for his bride*

Films of the Day

William Wyler Goes West—and Weak

By George Campbell

I HAVE a passion for the West, Gary Cooper is (or was) my favourite actor, and one must be grateful to William Wyler for such superb things as *Dodsworth* and *Dead End*. Judge my disappointment, then, when *The Westerner* turned out to be patchy at best, and at worst a bit of a bore.

It begins well enough. Not since *Stagecoach* has the West been photographed so brilliantly in all its harsh aridity and gaunt splendour. Something interesting, too, might have been made of the conflict between pioneer cattlemen fighting to preserve the open range, and farmers blocking trails and fencing water. But the theme is lost in a welter of sentimental nonsense. "Judge" Roy Bean, protagonist of the cattlemen, keeps a saloon flaunting the sign, "The Law West of the Pecos." Here he dispenses whisky that sizzles and corrodes the varnish, and law that knows no penalty but the rope.

It may surprise some people to know that this fantastic character really lived, just as ruthless, and just as besotted about a Lily Langtry he had never met, as Walter Brennan makes him. The best scene in the film is that where a drifting cowboy (Gary Cooper), tried at the bar for horse-stealing, observes the pictures of Miss Langtry plastered all over the wall and plays for time by nonchalantly admitting friendship with the lady. He has even—and at this the Judge's eyes glisten fanatically—he has even a lock of her hair. Would he trade the relic for his life? The merciless old scoundrel watches him narrowly, waiting to string him up at the first sacrilegious admission; but the cowboy shakes his head. "It 's not a thing a man would ever part with, even to save his life." The "Judge" relaxes, and launches on a new inquiry into the precise colour of the divinity's hair, parried adroitly with poetic comparisons with corn and chestnut horses.

In the end, not for any sordid consideration of self-interest, but as one gentleman to another, the prisoner offers the lock as a gift, and is given a fortnight's grace to ride to El Paso and bring it back. How the cowboy snips a sample from the head of a farmer's daughter, and through her gets caught up in the homesteaders' defence against ranchers who murder, and burn crops and houses, and turn cornfields into a dreadful waste, makes a story that would have been vastly more interesting if Mr. Wyler had been content to tell it straightforwardly. He chooses to be arty about it, fussing with prolonged facial studies and tableaux hardly vivants while the picture dies on his hands. Poor Cooper must have lost a great deal of his following since he gave up action yarns like *The Virginian*, *Bengal Lancer* and *The Plainsman* for pretentious, whimsy stuff like *The Cowboy and the Lady*, *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* and *Messer Marco Polo*. *The Westerner* will do nothing to win them back.

"WHEN THE DALTONS RODE" is neither so good nor so bad. The old favourite about the brothers hounded by a land-grabbing company till they turn bandits and start sticking up banks and trains is told with the fire and pace that *The Westerner* conspicuously lacks. The scene where the brothers rob a train guarded by deputy sheriffs and escape by jumping the deputies' horses from a moving truck down a sandy embankment, or a sensational leap into a stream far below, is as good in its unpretentious way as anything I have seen. The film, shown at the premiere during an air raid, is punctuated by prodigious bursts of gunfire, and there is hardly a minute but another Dalton or somebody bites the dust. Kay Francis, following in Marlene's footsteps, makes her début in horse opera, Randolph Scott plays the lawyer hero, Broderick Crawford, Brian Donlevy, Stuart Erwin and Frank Albertson are the brothers, Andy Devine for once comes to a bad end, and George Bancroft is a scoundrel who swindles farmers and snipes from windows.

"MY FAVOURITE WIFE" starts with the handicap that we have just seen precisely the same idea in *My Two Husbands*—the reappearance of one spouse from a desert island to find that the other has remarried; though which was written and produced first I have no idea. Nevertheless, it is so much wittier and subtler than *My Two Husbands* that I could even forgive the laboured fooling of the last ten minutes, solely concerned with the wife's problem of just how long to keep her repentant husband dangling at the bedroom door. Cary Grant, improving with every picture, is the harassed husband; Irene Dunne is funny enough to dispense with the Gertrude Lawrence affectations; and Gail Patrick is the ornamental second bride bewildered and incensed by marital neglect on the honeymoon.

A DEAL of rather precious chatter, a singularly unconvincing murder, and a curious inability to decide whether the heroine is Lady Peter Wimsey or just Lady Wimsey, rather spoiled my enjoyment of Dorothy Sayers' *Busman's Honeymoon*, despite the presence of Robert Montgomery, Constance Cummings and Robert Newton; and there is even less to be said for *Amok*. This, one of the last films brought out of France, though I suspect the vintage to be earlier, was banned by the Censor and passed by the L.C.C. for adults only. I don't know why, for I am sure no skittish maiden could fail to benefit from the moral. It is a tale of tropic heat and nerves, of an Englishwoman's love-affair in the absence of her husband, and an hysterical French doctor's refusal to use an instrument with intent to procure a certain event, as the more refined newspapers neatly put it. Marcelle Chantal gives a superbly, if unconsciously, funny performance as the Englishwoman, with wooden face and heavy lids, dripping chiffon and icy disdain, who prefers a Chinese herbalist to the screaming doctor and pays for it with her life.

***Cary Grant** finds himself an unsuspecting bigamist on the wrong side of the marital equation in "My Favourite Wife," at the Gaumont, Haymarket. Irene Dunne is his first wife who returns after seven years. The film was directed by Garson Kanin*

***Gary Cooper** plays an itinerant cowboy in "The Westerner," which is now at the Regal. Doris Davenport is the feminine lead. Directed by William Wyler, the film tells the story of the American West in the 'eighties. Heading a strong supporting cast are Walter Brennan, Fred Stone, and Lilian Bond, who plays the part of Lily Langtry. The film is reviewed on this page by George Campbell*

Autumn in the Air

Fur is going to our heads this autumn, however sparingly it may be used on coats. At Gorringes, in the Buckingham Palace Road, they have an attractive collection using many different skins. The model on the right above, this autumn's version of the sweeping beret, has strips of Persian lamb on its black felt background. Another, worn well forward, is just a ring of mink held by a formal felt bow. There are hats made of silver fox, too, charming with either a fox stole or a cape. For your suit they have an excellent variety of tailored hats, designed to look neat but never severe

A tweed suit is becoming almost a civilian uniform, but luckily we can still insist on perfect tailoring and a choice of materials. This model from Studd and Millington, 67, Chancery Lane, is made in a brown Cheviot herringbone tweed, an effective pattern that never becomes tiresome. Two box-pleats allow plenty of walking room in the skirt, and the jacket follows the fashion for pockets. This suit can be made from eight guineas. The well-tailored coat shown above, cut on fitting lines with pockets and pleats in the skirt, can be had in the same tweed from 7½ guineas. The outfit can, of course, be copied in other colours

Photographs by Peter Clark

CONVERSATIONS ON BEAUTY

WRITTEN BY *Nerina Shute*, WELL-KNOWN PLAYWRIGHT AND HOLLYWOOD CORRESPONDENT.
ILLUSTRATED BY *Anna Zinkeisen*, FAMOUS PAINTER OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

—Grandmother, do you think men have changed since you were young?

—Men never change, darling. They still fall in love with brainless blondes, they still make us miserable . . . . and silly women like us adore them in consequence.

—You're not silly, Grandmother.

—No, but I've pretended to be silly all my life with the greatest success. When I was a girl, men were after me like flies round a jam pot.

—Don't you think brains are important in a woman?

—Of course! It takes a clever brain to appear charmingly silly all your life without anyone suspecting you're not!

—Why is it that men don't fall in love with girls like me?

—You're not sufficiently feminine—you don't know how to make the best of your skin—and you don't know how to flirt.

—I think flirting is terribly boring.

—My dear child, how you shock me!

—Men don't bother to pay me pretty compliments. They just offer me a cigarette and then talk about cricket or sex according to which public school they went to.

—Modern girls allow men to treat them like equals . . . . a great mistake. They think their beauty and their beauty treatments just a matter of make up—another great mistake.

—How can I improve myself, Grandmother?

—Start by looking after your skin—in the good old-fashioned way. I swear by Pomeroy Skin Food. And get advice from the Pomeroy Salon in Old Bond Street; learn to use as little make-up as possible—and to use it without appearing artificial and hard.

—Do you use make-up, Grandmother?

—Of course, where my complexion is concerned, I've deceived your Grandfather all my life and I intend to continue.

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Pomeroy Cleansing Cream
Pomeroy Beauty Milk
Pomeroy Astringent Lotion

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Africa Speaks

By V. S. Pritchett

"NOBODY cares much, or even knows, what happens to us down here . . . behind God's back," said a settler in Tanganyika, and so gave a title to Mr. Negley Farson, the itinerant American transgressor. *Behind God's Back* (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.) is the story of seven months' travel in Africa. Look at the map first. Landing in South-West Africa at Walvis Bay, which is little more than a railhead and five cranes on a shore of chemical mud and with a hinterland of desert, he travelled through the once-German colony; then he went to Cape Town, across South Africa to Durban, shipped to Dar es Salaam and went by Ford across Tanganyika, Kenya, the Belgian Congo and those French colonies which have lately declared for General de Gaulle. He left the continent at the Gold Coast after an earthquake and in time for the present war. But an itinerary is nothing. One needs a map of Mr. Farson's mind and interests.

At once one sees Mr. Farson is a journalist. That is to say, he is interested in everything, especially in people, and in nothing too much or for long. Confronted with questions, he goes to people; his attention caught by people, he goes back to the "questions" behind them. He dances with agility from one to the other. I doubt, indeed, if a book of impressions as tantalising in their changing variety and readability has ever been written about Africa for the general reader. He is really brilliant. From our point of view he has the value of being a friendly critic, and on the subject of the German settlers in South-West Africa, Tanganyika and the Cameroons he has important things to say—things which we had better face. The Germans sent settlers, we send officials—that is the core of his criticism of ourselves. And though he thinks our moral attitude to the natives in Africa is now above criticism, he points out our economic policy is simply non-existent. We are not a patch on the candidly exploiting Belgians, and were, two years ago, miles behind the ruthless Germans. The Colonial Office is now, we are told, reforming itself; but I wish Mr. Farson's picture of our high-minded young men perpetually "writing reports which are growing like moss over the original intrepid British colonial work" did not recall the second and decadent phase of the Spanish Empire. That Empire had too many "dons," too many small pensioners; we send to Africa too many "gentlemen," too many "cheque-book farmers" and charming amateurs.

But between questions and problems there is the violently changing landscape and mix of races. Mr. Farson began with the Voortrekkers who had been repatriated from Angola, the descendants of that land-hungry 10,000 who in 1835 had gone north with their ox-waggons, like some heroic Biblical exodus. A kind of claustrophobia seizes these people if they know another white community is within 100 miles of them. They want isolation on their 12,000-acre farms. They want to spend their lives hunting. On the trek Mr. Farson observed them, sleeping with their pipes in their mouths and their guns at hand. What races there were side by side! The German with his stiff collar and his Hitler salute on the veldt; the Herreros, whom the Germans massacred and whose women, since that time, are believed to have more or less sterilised themselves; the Bushmen, those little, wild, hare-like men with their hypnotic dances, their antique games and secret poisons; the curious race called Bastards, the intelligent half-caste descendants of the Voortrekkers and Hottentots. Mr. Farson makes one aware of these people as part of modern Africa.

In Cape Town he was political. There is a good portrait of the subtle Smuts; there are some more-than-candid talks with the Nazis. Once out of Durban, there was the Hindu question. Up in the Congo he had his Ford and went out to photograph big game with one of those Jorkens-like hunters, a Belgian, who seem to be able to do what they like with wild animals. Monsieur Hubert was a little, grinning man with a toothbrush moustache:

"Have you ever been charged?"

"Yes, once. A lion."

"And what did you do?"

"I threw up my hand and shouted 'Stop!'"

"And the lion?"

"He stopped."

"Always walk towards them diagonally," said Hubert, who also threw lumps of clay at an elephant which was rocking in preparation for a charge. Hubert liked clay. There was an intimate moment with a hippo:

"He approaches," whispered Hubert.

I looked around the bush—and there were the hippo's slobbery lips within five feet of mine!

I have never seen such a gasp of surprise on any animal's face! . . . Bewildered . . . he jumped off a few feet from us. "Hunh," said the hippo. He lowered his head and frowned. "Now," I thought, "we're for it!" Then something bounced off the hippo.

"It was Hubert," says Mr. Farson with understandable ambiguity of syntax. "It was Hubert, hurling cakes of clay at him."

Grumbles among the settlers in Kenya, complaints by Mr. Farson at our neglect of Tanganyika, lead on to General de Gaulle's new acquisition. Briefly, the huge area of equatorial Africa has been called the most under-staffed, underpaid and unpopular of French colonies; the Cameroons, with their German settlers and efficient French administration, sound pleasanter. With their good roads, more useful. One puts down this book, so rich in its portraits of white men and blacks, so lively in its picture of the African confusion, brutality and despair, wondering if any sense will ever be made of the human life that sprawls riotously, helplessly, tragically over this appalling continent. One feels the history of man on earth is only just beginning.

***Rampant eagle** is the famous "Mr. Ramshaw," which belongs to Captain C. R. W. Knight, renowned authority and lecturer on falconry and bird life. Bird and master had narrow escapes when they were nearly caught by the Germans advancing on Arras. More recently, both were on an evacuee ship when it was torpedoed in the Atlantic. Both transferred to a destroyer, and both arrived back home none the worse for their adventure*

AND then there is China. Miss Eileen Bigland is a breezy and more conventional writer than Mr. Farson, but she is a traveller with humour, determination, curiosity and flair. Her route was the Burma Road from Mandalay, and she finally left China by Hanoi, travelling by lorry, convoy, air and rail towards the war. The rains had come. Poison gases were said to rise out of the ground in the rainy season. The traveller was advised to bring his coffin with him. ("Say, lady, d'you wanna buy a coffin for eight bucks?") A coffin, when *not* newly-painted, makes a good bath. At Mangshik the guest-house manager gazed out at the rain and moaned the Old-Man-River song of the Burma Road: "Trucks, trucks, trucks. There is nothing in my life except trucks." A good traveller is one with an aptitude for trouble. At one point Miss Bigland bought a monkey. At Ksiak'wan there was a long conversation with a priest who had had the fortune, he said, to have a number of sisters who could be sold into prostitution so that his family could afford to settle him for a life of meditation. He was devoted to the novels of George Eliot and believed in pacifism. Pointing to a corporal, he said: "What is that but a dead man on holiday."

THE first person singular gives a misleading if pleasing effect of intimacy when it is used in the novel, and Miss Pamela Hansford Johnson's *Too Dear for My Possessing* (Collins; 8s 6d.) is a tender and moving and very complicated story. We see the writer's boyhood in Bruges, where he lives with his father and his father's mistress, a very real and powerful character, who dominates his later life and overshadows the women with whom he falls in love. This is a book of love-affairs, no more; but its people are real and, in their way, very engrossing.

Mme. Benes strolls in her garden at Putney with her four-months-old Alsatian puppy, Jimmy. In Czechoslovakia, Mme. Benes devoted herself to gardening whenever she could leave Prague for her summer residence at Sezimovo

Madame Benes

First Lady of Czechoslovakia

Madame Benes, wife of Dr. Edouard Benes, head of the Czechoslovak National Committee in London and President of the former Czech Republic, is a patriot of proved devotion. Even before the inception of the Republic she was imprisoned by the Austro-Hungarian rulers of her country for her work and support of autonomy in her native land. After 1918 her husband was Minister of Foreign Affairs to the new Czechoslovakia until 1935, when he succeeded Dr. Masaryk as President of the Republic. As châtelaine of Hradcany Castle, Mme. Benes became first lady of Czechoslovakia. After Munich, Dr. and Mme. Benes flew to London, where they now reside at 26, Gwendolyn Avenue, Putney. Since the recognition of the Czechoslovak National Committee, Mme. Benes, once Anna Vlacek, a schoolteacher in a Prague girls' school, is again the leading representative of her country's womanhood

Favourite hobby of Mme. Benes is reading. She was able to bring her private collection of Czechoslovak poetry and other books from Prague. Many of them are now rare, as the Germans burned or destroyed all other available copies

When Away from Work

Theatrical Personages Off Duty

Comedian Lionized

Vic Oliver, star of "Black Velvet" and a wit from across the water, has adopted Jane, the Zoo's two-month-old lion cub, for the duration. Sarah Churchill, who in private life is Mrs. Vic Oliver, holds the new addition to the family. Another cub, June, has been adopted by Vic Oliver's sister, Miss Phyllis Oliver, on left

Supper for Two

Dining at the Mayfair is Jack Buchanan, who has mainly been seen in films of late, with the lovely Jean Gillie. Since the beginning of the aerial offensive on London most theatres have had to close, so many actors and actresses have an unexpected amount of leisure time at what is usually the commencement of the theatrical season

Hand in Glove

Doris Hilditch, the South African actress who made her name here in "Ten-Minute Alibi," and who ran until recently a cinema for East End children, has announced her engagement to Edgar Jackson. They met when Miss Hilditch consulted Mr. Jackson, who was an architect before the war, about alterations to the cinema

Stage to Succour

Dorothy Dickson, not being able to entertain the public in these days and nights of raids, has organised an evacuation scheme to which she devotes much of her time. Here she is shown with two boys who will shortly be on their way to America under the project for which Miss Dickson has so generously worked

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Save food! Save money! Save cargo space for munitions!

Remember to turn on the wireless at 8.15 every morning. You'll hear many useful household hints

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

BLACKBERRY JAM

Allow 1 lb. sugar to each lb. fruit. The blackberries must not be over-ripe. Put the fruit in a pan, and after sprinkling the sugar over it, let it stand for 3 or 4 hours. Place the pan over a low fire and stir with a wooden spoon until the sugar is quite dissolved and the mixture comes to the boil. Boil rapidly for 15 minutes stirring all the time.

Then begin to test by cooling a little jam on a plate. If the surface sets and wrinkles when you push it with your finger, the jam is at setting-point. Take the pan from the fire. Cool a little. Remove the scum if it is very thick and pour the jam into clean, dry, *warm* jars. Cover immediately. *If the jam is for immediate use, only ¾ lb. sugar is necessary for each lb. fruit.*

A Grand Use for Stale Bread

Cut the stale ends of your loaves into neat pieces and bake them in the oven whenever you happen to have it on. They make crisp, delicious rusks, excellent for the children's teeth.

Grated Carrot Sandwich

Carrots are an exceptionally health-giving food and are rich in natural sugar. A grated carrot sandwich, preferably made with wholemeal bread, is a fine sustainer for an energetic child.

HEALTH HINT. Steam your vegetables rather than boil them. Steaming conserves their goodness. If you have to boil them, use very little water and save that water for gravy or soup. Never over-cook them. It wastes fuel and destroys much of their nourishing content.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Stoddart — Young

Flt.-Lieut. Kenneth Stoddart, A.A.F., son of the late Wilfred Bowring Stoddart, and Mrs. Stoddart, of Beechwood House, Beechwood Road, Liverpool, and Jean Roberta Benson Young, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Benson Young, of Kingsdene, Hampstead, N.W.3, were married at Christ Church, Hampstead

Carroll — Purser

Captain Charles Edmund Carroll, R.A.S.C., son of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Carroll, of 7, Argyle Mansions, W.14, and Ruth M. Purser, elder daughter of Major-General and Mrs. Arthur W. Purser, were married at St. James's Church, Spanish Place

Onslow — Blackburn

Lieut. D. R. C. Onslow, R.N.R., is the elder son of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. C. C. Onslow, of Henry VIII. Gateway, Windsor Castle, Berks. Bernardine Blackburn is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David T. Blackburn, of Blundell-sands, Lancs. They were married at Westminster Cathedral

Hay — Strang

Flying Officer Ian Hay, R.A.F.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. Erroll Hay, of Three Ways, Johannesburg, South Africa, and Annette Mary Strang, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Strang, of 2, Mansfield Street, W.1, and New Zealand, were married at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street

Dick — Fell

Lieut. Charles Dick, R.A.M.C., son of the late Dr. R. J. Dick, of Edinburgh, and Mrs. Dick, of Morven, Sevenoaks, Kent, was married to Ann H. Fell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Fell, of St. George's School, Wanganui, N.Z., at the Holy Trinity Church, Prince Consort Road. Lieut. Dick is former Rugby captain of Scotland and a Cambridge Blue

Turner — Rayner

Acting Major W. M. D. Turner, R.A., and Barbara Rayner, daughter of Major and Mrs. W. B. F. Rayner, of 43, Brompton Square, S.W.3, were married at the Brompton Oratory. He is the son of the late W. C. D. Turner, and Mrs. Turner, of Miramar, Beachy Head Road, Eastbourne

Howard M. King

Jean Galloway

A recent engagement is that announced between Flt.-Lieut. C. F. King, now attached to the Royal Australian Air Force, and Jean Galloway. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Galloway, of Purley, Surrey

Bray — Reitzel

Sec.-Lieut. Edward Peter Gerard Bray, Surrey Yeomanry, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Bray, of St. James's Court, S.W.1, and Diana Alexandra Reitzel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Reitzel, of Greygates, Hove, Sussex, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Lenare

Lilian Steavenson

Lilian Steavenson, younger daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Steavenson, of Reed Court, Darlington, Yorks., and Totland, I.O.W., announced her engagement in August to W. MacBlair Stephen, 16th Foot, only son of Mr. and Mrs. MacBlair Stephen, of Dublin

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Getting Married: *(Continued)*

Johnson — Ismay

Wing-Com. John Charles Eric Arnott Johnson, R.A.F., and Pamela Muriel Ismay were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. He is the son of the late Captain and Mrs. William Johnson. She is the youngest daughter of the late James Ismay, and Mrs. Ismay, of the Cottage, Bembridge, I.O.W., and 26, Catherine Street, S.W.1

Heathcoat-Amory — Denison

Sec.-Lieut. Gerald Heathcoat-Amory, Royal Devon Yeomanry, and Sonia Myrtle Denison, only daughter of Captain E. C. Denison, R.N., heir-presumptive of Lord Londesborough, and Mrs. Denison, of Coke's House, Pulborough, Sussex, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. He is the youngest son of the late Major Ludovic Heathcoat-Amory, and Mrs. Heathcoat-Amory, of Chevithorne Barton, Tiverton, Devon

Evans — O'Connell

Paymaster Sub-Lieut. Richard Andvord Evans, R.N.V.R., son of Admiral Sir Edward and Lady Evans, of 76, Cadogan Square, S.W.1, and Grace Corbin O'Connell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. O'Connell, of Weymouth, and Buxton House, Buxton Hill, Cork, were married at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street. Evans of the Broke (now in charge of protection of aircraft factories) gave his daughter-in-law away

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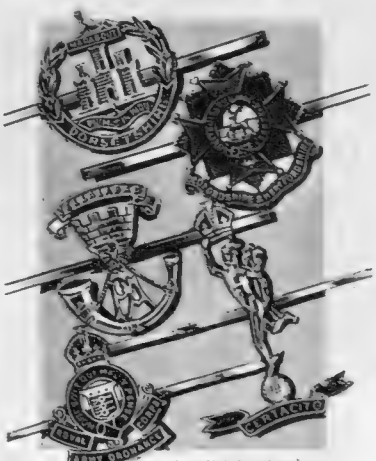

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London Nights

Wartime Dinner, Dance and Cabaret

The "Bystander's" Going-Out Guide

The May Fair

Bicycling Gabrielle Brune

QUICK as a flash on to anything really outstanding in the cabaret line, the May Fair have had Gabrielle Brune singing in the restaurant all this month. So, if you want to be in on the ground floor of a top-flight cabaret act—ah! but I remember her back in 1940, when people were beginning to sit up and take notice!—pop along to the May Fair this week.

For the dancing, Ambrose still has the stand which would seem all wrong with anybody else on it, and discourses some of the most danceable-to strains you could want. And Evelyn Dall embellishes with her decorative person and voice the band with which she became famous.

British-born Mansara is now restaurant manager. Quite unperturbed by the air raids, which seem such remote nightmares in the agreeable spaciousness of his domain, he looks after generals and private soldiers with equal solicitude, guiding them through food which is very good indeed. And talking of air raids, the May Fair is so equipped with shelters, gas- and splinter-proof rooms and all 1940-style conveniences that the most nervous diner-out need have no qualms, become things as hot as they may.

Marjorie Kingsley, Hatchett's Singer

Hatchett's

"GOERING'S night-starvation squad are here again." That's Arthur Young's pleasant method of announcing our nightly visitors. And thus lightly Hatchett's patrons can afford to treat the Luftwaffe. Well below ground, in the first place, the light and fragile-looking room has been strengthened by the management to a much more massive degree than its appearance would have you believe. With all its fortifications, Hatchett's has not been made a public shelter. And, without being snobbish, it *is* an advantage not to risk the inrush of half Piccadilly to sit in your soufflé when the sirens go.

Hatchett's inrush is of a very different nature, and unconnected with sirens, though war is manifested in the many uniforms clothing Arthur Young's Novachord devotees. Swing dancing touches considerable heights at Hatchett's, and there is a constant cry for Arthur's own amusing, if sacrilegious, swing versions of Shakespeare's songs.

There's no point in saying that the food is superb. The message has twinkled in the green eye of the little yellow god for many years now, and is an axiom of life from Hudson Bay to Mandalay. Nor is it necessary to reassure the hordes who know Gerald that now he is maître things are just the same, only better, if possible.

The St. Regis

Luzio of the St. Regis

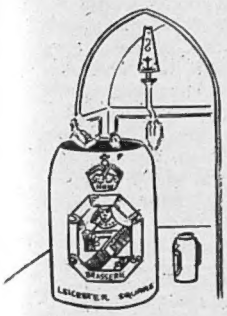
A NEW departure in cabaret is the presentation at the St. Regis of Edmundo Ros and his Cuban Boys in a recital of Cuban music. Half-serious lecture, half-rag dance, this act starts out to demonstrate all the racial elements that have gone to the make-up of Cuba's own rhythms and ends up with the customers on the floor hopping and kicking around in their own versions. Instructive for them as likes instruction, and no mean fun for them as doesn't care.

Apart from the Cubans, who play with such charming-sounding instruments as congas and quijidas, George Shearing at the piano, and the St. Regis quintet, are still welcomely in their accustomed place. Of the widely acclaimed pianistic genius of Shearing himself, hearing leaves no room for doubt. Singing with them is seventeen-year-old Pamela Gray, famous at ten as a tap-dancer, and now packing them in for her first engagement in a second career.

Over all, of course, is the genial Captain Birley, the man who has made the St. Regis what it is—and that is no mean praise. Latest innovations are settee tables round the wall, which admirable

provide both more and more comfortable seating for all those who have long found the St. Regis a fit and proper place for their regular visiting-list, now more than ever, so that cabaret—and top-rank cabaret at that—has found its way back to Cork Street. Their numbers too are largely swelled by the many friends of Luzio (see cut, as they say in the States), who, as an old Ritz hand, is anything but friendless, and who is now giving of his very good best as restaurant manager at the St. Regis.

The New Queen's



Drowning their cares in a stein

EVERYBODY sings. "Gentille Alouette" is more or less the theme-song of the New Queen's, where be-ribboned Servicemen (especially D.F.C.s) come in on Investiture evenings to celebrate with Mr. Cope's admirably deceptive steins of admirably thirst-quenching beer.

As a matter of fact, these modest-appearing containers hold one pint (small) and one quart (large). And one quart is a very considerable whistle-wetter, especially if it consists of Dale's Audit ale, which, in effect, is a veritable sconce. Gentlemen from the University, and even those wild prodigals who found their way to Oxford instead, will recognise the real stuff.

Java is there to lift a stein to lead the boys, your boys and everyone else in the room, in an inhibition-chasing sing-song. He has all the tunes—a quite astonishing repertoire—and you have only to call them. "Gentille Alouette" is, as I have said something of a signature-tune, which means that the New Queen's is more or less an H.Q. for Canadians. Not that it isn't an off-duty H.Q. for all Services. They meet, drink, sing and eat here, this last greatly to their satisfaction, and greatly to the advantage of their pocket.

La Coquille

ALL free Frenchmen know what good feeding really means. And most of them have found out by now where they can get what they want in London. So the path from General de Gaulle's Carlton Gardens headquarters to M. Pagès' domain in St. Martin's Lane is a well-trodden one, and the uniforms of France just round off the atmosphere of this home of the cuisine du premier classe. Fish and shellfish are the highlights, but more English tastes are amply served by entrecôtes and suchlike cooked in the finest French way. And don't forget the wines, with especial attention to those modestly priced but altogether delectable types that at the Coquille come en carafe. Above all, I would commend to you the Tavel.

Team work at La Coquille

M. Pagès insists that it is all done by team-work, and modestly refuses to take more credit for the joys of his establishment than he would award to his bottle-washer. Be that as it may, there is certainly enough credit to be distributed for the sort of meal turned out at La Coquille to merit outsize bouquets for the whole staff, with enough over to provide a tin of sardines for the kitchen cat.

Shepherd's

Oscar and Oscar's Daughter

OSCAR is not the sort of man to tear his hair. But almost daily round lunch-time he must find himself wishing to emulate many potential customers in so doing. Potential is the operative word: for the accommodation in the charming panelled restaurant that is the crowning glory of the Shepherd's Tavern is very, very limited. Unlike the number of people who want to lunch there, which is altogether unlimited, including most of hither-Mayfair and a good complement from Whitehall. So don't make the mistake of leaving it late and to chance when you go, as you certainly must, and soon, to sample what Oscar can do for you in the way of first-class fare at third-class prices in this Hertford Street haven.

Having made sure of your meal, don't forget, too, to take time for a drink in the tavern itself downstairs, one of the few places in London where deep armchairs and a really well-decorated room invite the quaff perfect, not to mention the decorative qualities of the young ladies who will serve you with anything from really well-kept beer (and keeping beer well is a fine art) to the most complicated sort of cocktail. And once again the prices resemble more those of the simple pub than of the luxe-de-luxe, many of which latter have not half the comfort or any of the charm that is the Shepherd's own.

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The New Grosvenor Bar

Shaking a Special

WHAT with the war and this and that, people are liable nowadays to spend quite a lot of time unexpectedly at railway stations. Those at least who are so placed at Victoria need never puzzle themselves as to how to while away the idle licensed hour. Within the Grosvenor Hotel at that station they may find Klondyke Clifford Harrison ensconced in as snug a bar as they can wish for, dispensing Harrison specials (gin and Dubonnet confections of no ordinary quality), and keeping the party going with the fruits of his bar-tending experience from gold-rush days on.

If you don't know Klondyke, it 's high time you made his acquaintance and that of the delightful bar over which he now presides. If, on the other hand, you are one of those who have sailed one or two of the Seven Seas, you will surely know Klondyke already; for was he not barman of Liverpool's old Adelphi, where sea-dogs would forgather and swap experiences with him. To whichever of these classes you belong, it is really unnecessary to wait until you have a train to catch to visit the New Grosvenor Bar. Unless, that is, you are catching one right away, in which case, get to the station plenty early.

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Good News

THIS is splendid. If all goes according to plan, the "Blaster," alias the Golfers' "Spitfire" Fund, will soon be started—which ought to mean as good as achieved. A noble offer has come from somebody entirely competent to do the secretarial part of it: there are a few more preliminaries to settle, and then look out, for I shall come out as a beggar of the most unblushing order. Because this will not be begging, but common sense. Only, please, like entries for Autumn Foursomes in the good old days, no money till the word is given.

THE thought of that "Spitfire" is cheering at this moment, when I am sitting on the platform (not quite literally, but only removed therefrom by an evening paper and a Burberry) in the Tube, with some thuds going on overhead which make me think there are worse places than this at this particular moment. Well, well. I have written journalist stuff in many funny places, and this is only one of them. Locker-rooms at clubs up and down the country, on the side of a bunker, in the faithful "Mary Ann," either stationary or driven by a faithful secretary, with the clock ticking on towards the witching hour when the telephone, the teleprinter, the train, or even the humble post must receive the precious stuff.

LISTENING to the American dramatist, Robert Sherwood, who broadcasted so hearteningly to Canada the other night, I was reminded of his sister, Miss Rosamund Sherwood, golfer, artist and musician, friend of every British and French golfer with whom she came in contact. First recollection of her is at Newcastle, Co. Down, for the championship of 1920. It was a disastrous time for her. Climbing a spiked paling one evening en route to the seashore, she fell, and when it came to tackling Mrs. Heppel (Molly Griffith she was then), Mr. Alan Macbeth added to his duties of referee that of pushing Miss Sherwood between shots in a bath-chair. Miss Griffiths was runner-up. Miss Sherwood, having charmed us all on the piano, became firm friends with victor, referee and referee's wife, and an almost annual crossing of the Atlantic became the order of the day.

Next year Turnberry and Fontainebleau, both memorable for finals in which Miss Leitch beat Miss Wethered for the first and last times of their careers over thirty-six holes. Le Touquet the next year—how those places tug at one's heart-strings now, with the pleasant folk who made them so delightful, with thoughts of how we fed carp reputed to have grown fat on crumbs from Napoleon's hand, or gambled more (or less) wildly at the Casino. I almost smell the coffee and taste the petit pain. Then in 1926 came the railway strike. Miss Sherwood and I and the BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes Cup set off in a car somewhat inadequate for the job for Birkdale, going via Stratford-on-Avon, where we saw a superb *Coriolanus* in a makeshift theatre (the old one had lately been burnt out).

AFTER Stratford we went sightseeing at Lichfield, picnicked here, there and everywhere, and had just those blissful expeditions which are the very core and essence of golfing life. Not least was one of those mad, merry weeks at Burnham, when I seem to remember Miss Sherwood riding up to the course on the step of Miss Winn's bicycle. And in those long, happy drives she used to talk to me of the brother who had enlisted in the Black Watch and fought with the British Army in the last war.

BY the way, in case anybody wants reassuring that a high-explosive bomb can drop and explode within a short chip and leave you to tell the tale, let me assure you that it is possible, for it happened to me last night. I can further assure you that it was all over much too quickly to be really terrifying, though I did leap out of bed pretty quick, and that this is not a journalist's tale but sober truth. I photographed the crater out of the bedroom window a few hours later.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* **and certify the scratch score of the course.** *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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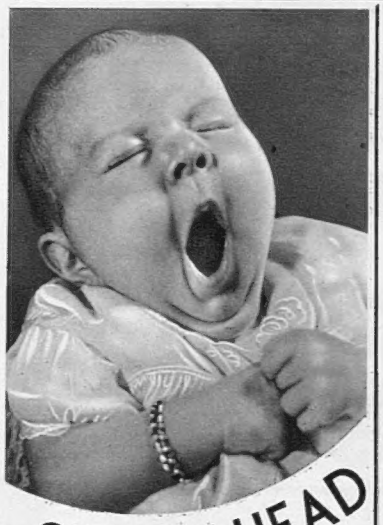

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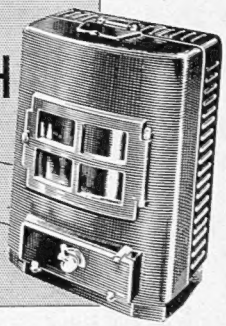

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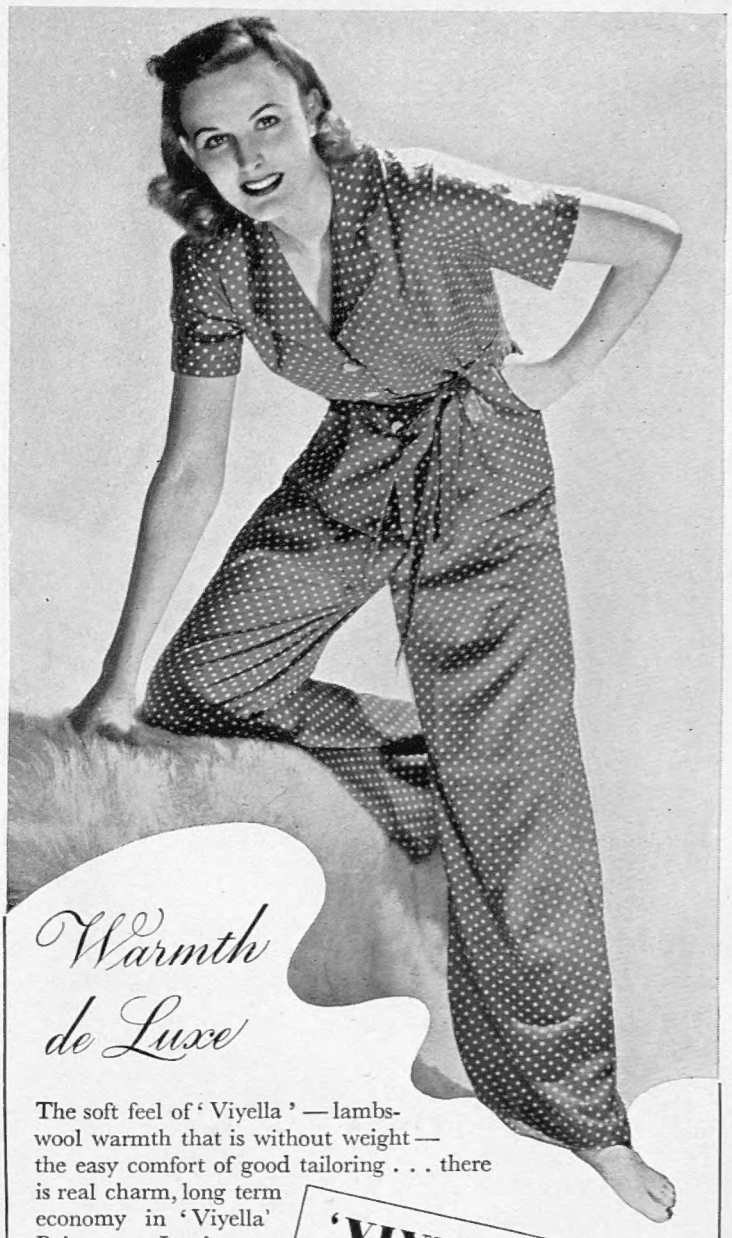

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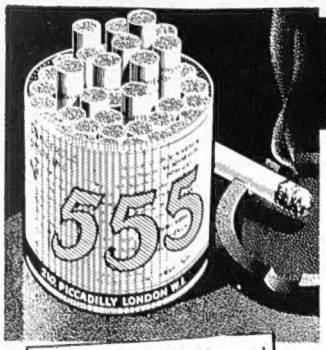

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